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THE ANGELUS.

LUCY LARCOM.

What heart can linger in a hush like this,
And say that earth is all? A trance of bliss
Suffuses even the stubble and the clod;
The atmosphere is as the peace of God.

A dew of worship rises from the ground;
The tender light is tremulous with sound
Borne from beyond the sunset, far within
The Holy Place no foot of man may win.

The peasant boy hath turned his face away
From the soul-searching glance of dying day;
But the bell's pleading melody he hears,
And friendly shadows veil his half-shed tears.

The maiden bows in chrismal radiance warm,
Virgin through every fibre of her form;
Her homely robes with tints of heaven are bright;
She hath no thought that is not born of light.

Listen! Within that throb of far-off sound
A Presence lingers! Earth is holy ground!
God's voice is audible in this calm air;
It is His Spirit makes the world so fair.

Ah! wondrous touch of penetrative art,
That fuses life, through every meanest part,
In glory of the unutterable whole!—
Thanks, painter! for a picture with a soul!

—Congregationalist.

INCOMPLETENESS.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

I wonder if ever a song was sung but the singer's heart sang
sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung but the thought surpassed the
metre!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought till the cold stone echoed his
ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter with light and shade the dream of his inmost
heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found and there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground and we dreamed not a rarer!
Ah! never on earth do we find the best, but it waits for us in the
land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold till we pass the portals
of shining gold.

CONSCRIPTION IN GERMANY.

Military conscription is being enforced in Germany with more than usual stringency. A Cologne correspondent of the London *News* says it is a pitiful spectacle to see the squads of German conscripts at the various stations awaiting enforced transportation from home and friends. They look more like convicts on the way to jail than recruits for the army of the Empire, and as they are surrounded by throngs of weeping and wailing relatives the cruelty of the system forces itself on the mind of the observer. Just now these conscripts are being driven to the military depots in droves from all parts of Germany, and sadness reigns in every village and hamlet.

A LIFTING TIDE.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

—Longfellow.

WOMEN AND WAR.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

For a sober estimate of the real nature of war, apart from the romance of the drum and bugle, the words of Guy de Maupassant, the greatest living French writer, seem to me the best I have ever read:

"When I but think of this word war, there comes upon me a feeling of astonishment, as if one were speaking of witchcraft or the Inquisition, something long ago ended, abominable, monstrous, against nature. When we speak of cannibals, we smile with pride to think of our superiority to these savages? Who are the savages,—the real savages? Those who fight in order to eat the conquered, or those who fight in order to kill, merely to kill? Those little conscripts who are marching by yonder are destined to death as certainly as the troops of sheep the shepherd drives along the same road. They are going to fall in some meadow, with a head split open by a sabre-stroke, or a chest pierced by a bullet; and they are young men who might be working, producing, being useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers, who for twenty years have loved them, adored them as mothers adore, will learn in six months or a year, perhaps, that the son, the boy, the big boy brought up with such care, so much money, so much love, has been thrown into a ditch, like a dead dog, after having been ripped open by a cannon-ball, and trampled on, crushed, pounded into pulp, by charges of cavalry. Why did they kill her boy, her handsome boy, her only hope, her pride, her life? She does not know. Yes—why? War? To fight, to murder, to massacre men! And we have to-day, in our epoch, under our civilization, beneath the acme of science and of philosophy to which we flatter ourselves human-kind has attained, schools where they teach how to kill, to kill from great distances, with accuracy, quantities of men at once,—to kill without judicial sentence poor innocent devils with families dependent on them. . . . A genius at massacre, Von Moltke, replied recently to some peace delegates in these incredible words:

"'War is holy, of divine origin; it is one of the world's sacred laws; it arouses among men all the noble sentiments, honor, disinterestedness, virtue, and courage, and, in one word, hinders them from sinking into the most hideous materialism.'

"So, then, to gather in armies of four hundred thousand men, to march without rest, night and day, thinking of nothing, studying nothing, reading nothing, useful to nobody, covered with filth, sleeping in mud, living like brutes in continued mental vacancy, pillaging towns, burning villages, ruining people; then to meet another agglomeration of human flesh, to charge upon it, to make lakes of blood, fields of battered flesh trampled into the mud and muddy earth; to have your arms or legs carted